And whats to come ſir *Iohn*, that can we tell.
Mi.Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your diſhoneſt meanes
To call our credits into queſtion,
Did make vs vndertake to our beſt,
To turne your leaud luſt to a merry Ieſt.
Fal. Ieſt, tis well, haue I liued to theſe yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then theſe were not *Fairies?*
Miſ.Pa. No ſir *Iohn* but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thriſe in the (mind
They were not, and yet the groſneſſe
Of the fopperie perſwaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle ſo whip me with their keene Ieſts,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my greaſe. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I truſt me boyes Sir *Iohn*: and I was
Alſo a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the ſtart of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toaſted cheeſe?
Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheeſe ſir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet ſir *Iohn*,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir
And it muſt be paid to M. *Ford* Sir *Iohn*. (*Iohn*,
Mi.For. Nay husband let that go to make amẽds,
Forgiue that ſum, and ſo weele all be friends.
For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at laſt.
Fal. It hath coſt me well,
I haue bene well pinched and waſhed.

Enter

Enter the Doctor.

Mi.Pa. Now M. Doctor, ſonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar
Tis a whorſon garſon Iack boy.
Miſ.Pa. How a boy?
Doct. I begar a boy.
Pa. Nay be not angry wife, *I*le tell thee true,
*I*t was my plot to deceiue thee ſo:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. *Slender*, and ſee where he comes.

Enter Slender.

Now ſonne *Slender*,
Where's your bride?
Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd *I* thinke theres neuer a man in the worell hath that croſſe fortune that *I* haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.
Pa. Why whats the matter ſonne *Slender?*
Slen. Sonne, nay by God *I* am none of your ſon.
Pa. No, why ſo? (married.
Slen. Why ſo God ſaue me, tis a boy that I haue
Pa. How a boy? why did you miſtake the word?
Slen. No neither, for *I* came to her in red as you bad me, and *I* cried mum, and hee cried budget, ſo well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.
Sir Hu. Ieſhu M. *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marrie
Pa. O *I* am vext at hart, what ſhal I do? (boyes?

Enter Fenton and Anne.

Miſ.Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceiued
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (vs all?
An. At Curch forſooth.
Pa. At Church, what haue you done there?

Fen.